

THE TIMES DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE

One Girl Enjoys Politics

Or, at Least, She Had a Perfectly Splendid Time at the Chicago Convention, Showing Her Enthusiasm by Dining Three Times in the Same Evening at the Same Hotel.

THE White Rabbit has been interviewing one of his girl friends who has just returned from the convention. Conventions are the style just now, so these few words of instruction and advice may prove handy.

How to Attend a Convention.

By the WHITE RABBIT.
Yesterday one of my favorite girl friends came back from Chicago. She was deeply depressed when she left, crushed by the responsibility of a long journey and of eating at the expense of the Republicans.

She returned jovial, fat, contented—and crazy over Chicago and the Grand Old Party.

She was quartered in one of the biggest hotels. She said that there was a thermometer always fixed by her bedside, and among other comforts may be mentioned a mirrored bathroom and rose hangings.

For the first time in her existence she went out to the exclusive shops for clothing. She inspected a blouse, marked \$12, that she knew she could get on Seventh street for \$1.50. Then, just to show what she was, she sent it back, saying that the quality was poor!

And eat! She has been busy exhibiting menu cards and outbidding for the benefit of all her friends the meals she has had.

One evening she had three engagements for supper. Just before three, about 8 o'clock, a man called up and asked her to go, and she went. She got back by 10 and was just climbing into her room when another man called her up, and asked her to go to the same place for supper. Of course she had not the heart to refuse, so she picked out another dress and went along.

At 12 o'clock she was taking her usual deep breathing exercises when the phone rang, and a third man asked to go to supper, still at the same hotel. Now she can accommodate a great deal of food—I have seen her in action. But would you believe that she went to that place a third time?

She said she felt like an advertisement for the place. The only trouble was that the mushrooms were not all that was to be desired, and she couldn't go to Miller's the next day in consequence.

She says she would be fatter than she is, after all those extra meals, only she used to walk every day down to the first and then to the Coliseum.

You see, four of the delegates were riding in an elevator in her hotel once, and it dropped six stories. After that, of course, she couldn't take any chances with her life.

And you know that girl's lucky. Why, she even found that her trunk was sent out West by mistake, and the railroad company is paying her \$3 a day while it is away.

If it wasn't for the fact that she is a Republican, she would have gone on to St. Louis. But then she is willing to bet on the generosity of Republicans any time.

Turnbull got inspired by the parade, too, we see.

Here is what he calls

An Actual Occurrence.

She was a winsome little lass primed for happiness, the glass with careful preparation.

Then, garbed in white from head to feet, she dabbed some powder on her nose.

And smiled in great elation.

She sailed forth so fresh and neat when crowds were lined along the street.

To view the Big Parade: But near her a nasty man who, quite unnoticed in the jam, spat freely on the maid!

The amber juice ran down her dress, Oh, horrors! What an awful mess! Was pretty little Mandy though while quite unconscious of the now she gayly chatted with her beau.

And chewed molasses candy.

TURNBULL.

THE CONDUCTOR.

What They Say About Us

That Suffrage Plank.
Practical consideration of the problem ought to convince the most enthusiastic suffragist that the Republican platform proposes the right course. Just now the South is solidly against women voting because it threatens to complicate the negro problem. Without the South the amendment cannot be "put out." The Constitution. The suffragists will do best to treat their movement as a question for the States to deal with, not the nation as a whole. Some one at Chicago sneers at the Republicans for "leaning upon the Democratic doctrine of State rights." It is not the States that controls the situation. It is a plain, everyday fact—Toledo Blade.

Women in National Politics.
The chance, or the danger, whichever it may be regarded, of any large number of women voting solidly on sex lines appears to have passed for the present. Now that the Republican national convention, "as a measure of justice to one-half the adult people of this country," favors the extension of suffrage to women, the Democrats are recognizing the right of each State to settle this question for itself. The Democrats can hardly do less.—Chicago Herald.

Oiled Floor Not For Kitchen

By ISOBEL BRANDS.

"WERE just finishing our little house," writes a young housekeeper, "and I've the most up-to-date kitchen planned, but I don't know what kind of flooring to have in the kitchen. I'm almost determined to have a good oak floor like in the living room, which can be kept beautifully oiled and shining."

Next to a rough, knotty pine floor, requiring vigorous, back-breaking scrubbing, and leaving its mark on a red-denied, vein-distended hand, the poorest kind of a kitchen floor is an oiled floor. Why? Because the kitchen surfaces—floor, tables, walls—should always be impervious to spots of grease or moisture of any kind. No matter how careful the worker, there is bound to be some spilling and splattering in the kitchen. If the floor or walls present an absorbent surface the kitchen is bound to look greasy, unclean, and unattractive in spite of considerable scrubbing.

Composition Floor Best.

If the floor of the kitchen is to be laid and the house is your own, perhaps the most far-sighted economy is to have one of the new composition floorings laid. The cost varies according to the material selected and the size of room, and it is a higher cost than many of the floor coverings. But it has two distinct advantages. In the first place, one of these good composition floorings—made of cork or cement and rubber, or other materials—will last a lifetime. It need never be replaced, never wears out, and always looks as good as new.

These floors are laid so that the base-board, running about six inches or so above the floor, and the floor itself are in one piece. There is no crack or crevice between wall and floor, which increases the sanitation, affording great protection against insects and mice. Also they have an absolutely impervious surface—never absorb any of the greases or fluids that accidentally spill even in the heat of well-managed kitchens.

If the kitchen is not in a house that you own, or if it is not possible to go to the expense of a composition floor, the best covering is the old standby—good, linoleum. It does not pay to get the printed kind—better to wait until one has saved the cost of a good linoleum than to invest in the cheap kind, and have to buy three times over instead of once. There are several "parquet" patterns in the "battleship" linoleum which impart spiciness and do not present the half-worn, shabby appearance that the cheap oilcloths do.

Don't Attempt Elegance.

But by all means avoid the attempt at elegance in the kitchen by preparing to have an oiled floor, or a amazingly difficult to keep appearing clean, as the oiled surface is a perpetual invitation to dust and dirt to find permanent lodgment. It is not a good surface on which to stand and work. It is no more fitting in the kitchen than is a Turkish rug or a Persian carpet.

The kitchen is simply a cooking room that should be kept at the highest possible point of sanitation. Whatever method of greater sanitation, easier methods, better work results—has its place in the kitchen. Anything that does not make for sanitation, for usefulness or for comfort does not belong there—not even on the excuse of beauty! (Copyright, 1916, Newspaper Feature Service).

RECIPES

Cheese Straws.
1/2 of a pound of cheese, grated.
1/2 of a pound of butter.
1 pint of flour.
1 teaspoon of salt.
1/2 teaspoon of baking powder.
1/2 cup of cayenne pepper.

Mix well; roll out with knife into strips. Bake in a hot oven.

Potatoes a la Duchesse.
1 quart of mashed potatoes.
1 well-beaten egg.
1/2 cup of milk.
Butter the size of an egg.

Stir all together and season with salt and pepper. Form into cakes two inches square; lay on buttered pan, and sprinkle with grated cheese. Brown in quick oven.

Neufchatel Salad.
2 rolls of Neufchatel cheese.
2 tablespoons of finely chopped olives.
Mix the cheese and olives, adding cream to moisten. Season with salt and cayenne and form into balls. Add French dressing. Serve on lettuce and garnish with pimiento.

Times Pattern Service



(SIZE MUST BE PUT ON COUPON)

THE TIMES PATTERN SERVICE.

Name..... June 17.
No. 761. Street and Number.....
SIZE DESIRED.....City and State.....

Learning Hobbies of In-Laws Part of Each Bride's Education

The Momentous Question of Receiving a New Daughter Into the Family Calls for Tact on Both Sides. It Takes No Small Amount of Courage to Face a Horde of New Relatives.

To Be a Success, She Must Cull a Great Deal of Advance Information From the Groom and Study the Whims of Her In-Laws by Proxy, So That She May Know How to Win Them.

By THE CHAPERON.

To the Chaperon—I am to be married the latter part of June. My husband will take me to his home in Pennsylvania on our wedding trip, and I have the prospect of meeting a whole new family of in-laws.

Now, Chaperon dear, what shall I do? Must I go up to those strange people and start calling them by their first names? I just know all those uncles and aunts and brothers and sisters he has told me about will just fall on me and pick me to pieces. Of course, I wouldn't let John know for a moment that I dread meeting his people—but oh, I do. You see, I haven't many relatives and I've somehow gotten out of the habit of meeting strangers. Please advise me as to what to do, for I'm just about as scared as I ever was in my whole life.

BESS.

WHAT a situation for one poor girl to face! Yet, after all, what a common situation! Every June and October there is always a flood of just such letters, all querying desperately:

"How, please, please tell me how am I to address my new relatives? I know I won't be able to tell them apart for a time—and they will expect me to know their first names and all their pet hobbies right from the start."

Now, I once knew a girl who faced the very situation that Bess and the rest of the June brides are wallowing about. And this is what she did.

No one credited this girl with many brains. They thought of her as a fluffy thing, and wondered how she managed to keep her position before she was married. The girl had, however, under a frivolous exterior, a sound little card index, which she kept up to date. She had found that she, too, would be obliged to meet hordes of new "in-laws," she put that mind to work.

She asked dozens of questions of her fiancé (though he, poor soul, never suspected what she was doing). She inquired about father-in-law's pet sports, and even learned cribbage in his honor. She read, reams on suffrage, to supply some new arguments for mother-in-law. She discovered, from pictures and careful questioning, what each brother and sister looked like. She learned their pet names.

In that way, she became acquainted with her closest in-laws before she had ever seen them. Stored away in her brain-index

HOW TO TREAT IN-LAWS

Find out all you can about them and their hobbies. If necessary, make a card index of aunts, uncles, and cousins. Memorize their pet names, and use them as soon as possible. Remember that there is a difference between informality and gushing. Do not allow them to put themselves to extra trouble on your account. Be tactful—and being tactful is just being thoughtful.

were files of catalogued information about them. She went over the things she knew about them until she was letter-perfect and felt much more at ease. For instance, she had never seen without an introduction.

Next very slowly, she began on the aunts and cousins. Soon she had accumulated so much miscellaneous gossip that she began keeping a real notebook about them. Each evening she put down the notes she had acquired that day and studied them.

So it happened, that when her proud husband did actually introduce her to his people, they found that she knew most of their little whims and fads. They put her down as a perfect wonder. Father surprised her once when he found she would play cribbage with him, though an indifferent player she was, and mother declared that she would make a surrogate of her if she stayed much longer. She taught the sisters new ways of doing their hair and she helped with the dishes and the darning and managed to make herself generally useful.

It was hard. She told me that there were times when she longed to run to her room and have a good cry. For instance, there was that surprised look when she called her new mother "Mum" for the first time. (How was she to know that it seemed odd for this new member of the family to be calling the mother by the name given by her own children?)

That was one of the things she had thought about a long time—what to call her "in-laws." Her husband, being one of his mother and father as "Mum" and "Dad," she felt that she would be doing silly if she called them Mr. and Mrs. Brown.

At last she made the plunge—and after she surprised the queer look in Mum's eyes she asked her if she minded being called that, and everything came out all right. It was easier to call the brothers and

sisters by their own pet names, and the uncles and aunts, too. After a while, when she knew them better, she even made up some pet names of her own. For instance, she shortened Mumie to Mums and hailed her staid father-in-law by the undignified name of Doodles. And they liked it, for she had first won her way to their hearts by being tactful.

Now, Bess, you may be able to adopt some of the tactics of the fluffy girl with the card index brain. By playing her John with questions she can know a great deal about them when she arrives at their Pennsylvania home. He will be flattered to think that she cares about him and he will want to find out about his family.

A whole lot depends upon those in-laws. As a general thing, they are willing to be pleasant, to put themselves to a great deal of trouble in welcoming a new daughter. For that reason, it's well to show that it is appreciated by being just as informal as possible. You do not need to fall all over them in your endeavor to be nice. A gushy daughter-in-law is worse than a distant one.

If a new daughter is to visit in her husband's home, she must make herself a part of it as unobtrusively as possible. She should not need waiting on, even though the new relatives do make a great fuss over her comfort. Praise things, but do not go to raptures over them.

There, that's a great deal of a sermon for you, Bess. The whole question of meeting your in-laws comes right down to one thing, and if you remember that you can face the most austere relatives that ever existed, you will be all right.

Be tactful. Look out for their feelings and give them your careful consideration. Being tactful is being thoughtful, and a person who is thoughtful of the comfort of others never has very much to worry about. So march right up to your folks and call them Mother and Dad if you wish. It will be strange to all of you at first, but they'll love you for it. And that's just what you want, isn't it, Bess?

Living in the Future

We Should Not Encourage Children to Look Ahead for Pleasures, But Teach Them to Make the Most of the Present.

By LAURA CLAWSON.

"AUNT LAURA," remarked the observing Anne, "so many grown-up people keep talking about what they are going to do tomorrow! Why don't they like today?"

Which, as you can see, was a very pertinent question, as so many of this small person's are.

I know all the sayings about the pleasures of anticipation, and what the sages say, but don't you think that sometimes we make a mistake in allowing the children to see so plainly that we are living for the future? After all, there is a lot in getting what pleasure there is out of today, in teaching the children to do that also.

Ann, and I got to talking further about this.

"Aunt Laura," she said, "time does not go so fast when one is growing up, and today is a very long time, sometimes, I like to think when I wake up in the morning that there is something nice going to happen to me before dark, and I had to think that it would be longer than that, I'm sure I couldn't wait!"

Of what use to talk to such a philosopher about the pleasures of anticipation? But, seriously, perhaps we do allow the children to become impatient in what we are planning for them that

they do not get out of their present experiences all that they should.

One impractical family I know has this habit so fixed that when one sees any member of it, one is always entertained with the recital of some wonderful plan. The last time I met the father he was telling me of his going to South America and all the children who could read were busy at Spanish.

Happening to meet the English teacher of the eldest girl, a child in whom I am much interested, I asked about this latest development.

The teacher smiled.

"Oh, yes, I know about it," she said. "I'd planned to tell myself that Myra would lead her class in English when I found that her lessons were being neglected, and I sought for the reason. I was told that the Spanish lessons were taking the time which should have gone to her regular studies. Those children will do anything, while even with the wonderful minds they have because they are always planning something for tomorrow instead of sticking to today."

This is a very practical instance of what I mean by getting all we can for the children out of the present. While neglecting to think ahead for them, let us make them understand that today's duties and pleasures are not to be slighted for anything which the future may bring to them. Life is easier and perhaps more profitable to them with this thought in mind.

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Reflections of Bachelor Girl

By HELEN ROWLAND.

TO know how to give a snub is human—to know how to take one is superhuman.

"Repentance"—The interval between the headache and the next temptation.

Alas, how can a woman be happy? If men stare at her it embarrasses her and if they don't it bores her; if they flatter her it makes her suspicious and if they don't it makes her indignant; if they make love to her it hurts her dignity and if they don't it wounds her vanity. Ah, me!

Matrimony, to a bachelor, is like a Christmas cigar—something which he always enthusiastically recommends to other people.

A widow's main consolation in remarriage is probably that she finds a lot of time to sit up and wait for one man to come home evenings that to sit up and wait for a lot of them to go home.

No, dearie, it isn't when your golden locks have turned gray that you are actually "old."

When a bachelor keeps his sentiment too carefully bottled up, some nifty little thing is bound to come along at the most unexpected moment and smash the bottle.

Funny, but a reputation for cleverness always seems to go to a woman's head and makes her so dizzy that she can't see when she is getting on a man's nerves or tramping on his vanity.

Love is the balancing rod which keeps us on life's trolley.

In marriage it isn't the early bird that gets the worm; it's the bird that has been "out" for a dozen seasons who usually has to take him.

To a bachelor, love is something like an onion; it's the bird that has been "out" for a dozen seasons who usually has to take him.

Oh, well, there are at least two kinds of perfectly happy marriages: those that are just about to come off—and those that are "off."

No doubt, on Judgment Day, every married man will be half an hour late in rising, if his wife doesn't call him; and then he will want her to hang around and see of his wings, and sew a button on the other.

When it comes to praying, swearing, or making love, no man since Solomon seems to have had the slightest fertility of imagination.

No matter how many women have refused him, so long as a man remains a bachelor he will persist in regarding himself as a universal and eternal temptation.

If a married man puts on one glove, carries a cane, and sticks a carnation in his buttonhole, he considers himself sufficiently dandy to go anywhere on earth with his wife.

When a widow remarries, it is simply because she has come to the age-old conclusion that a little unhappiness with a husband is better than a lot of loneliness without one.

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Laziness Really Only Is Symptom of Many Different Diseases

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSBERG.

LENNES, laziness, procrastination are often symptoms of several maladies. If you show me a man who puts off until tomorrow what he should do today, I will show you a man who is probably diseased. He may not know it, he may resent the imputation, but it is probably true just the same.

There is no particular and specific bacillus, germ or microbe of laziness. The bookworm is only one of many maladies associated with consummate torpidity.

When a child is so disinclined to move by habit that he will not crawl after a colored ball or a like object that gives him pleasure, it is laziness perhaps from the sickness of luxury and gluttony. Mayhap his little muscles are weighed down by fat, or it has been spoiled by being carried when it should have walked. On the other hand, the sedative lullabies of its elders may accustom its muscles into drowsiness. Perchance nature is deprived of its needed sleep. The child is kept awake too long and too often. Its growth and energy are eternally sapped by the need of sleep.

In grown-ups as well as youngsters a definite condition of inaction and bankruptcy of animation is present when there is some disease—such as tuberculosis—of the adrenal glands. Maladies of these little super-kidney structures are noteworthy in the symptoms of exhaustion. Disinclination often amounts to the inability to exert one's self.

"Laziness" is called. Suggesting, drowsiness, and other animals that, so to speak, wait on Providence for sustenance, seem to have very small or absent suprarenal glands.

The presence of various animalcules in the blood and other human fluids is apt to induce disinclination to work and dulness of thought. Langour, stupor, lethargy, heavy muscles, nodosities, and yawning are all stages of the Congo sleeping sickness and of true malaria. Both maladies in the blood when examined under the microscope exhibit visible animalcules. The biting Tsetse fly introduces these filenous microbes to the sleeping sickness into

the blood in Africa, and the villainous biting of mosquito inject the malarial animalcule when it "bites."

Furthermore, many slowly invading human dieters, such as sugar disease, kidney maladies, tuberculosis, syphilis, thyroid gland disorders, bacterial infections of the chronic sort may not holdy assert their disagreeable presence, but insidiously, like a submarine assassin, creep upon you unawares, except for a disinclination to work. This your fellowmen usually ascribe without charity to laziness. You yourself rarely dissent or seek further.

It may amaze you to learn that beer, gin, whiskey and alcoholic liquors in general are largely responsible for indolence, obstinacy, and inertness. Alcohol often exerts its sedative powers beyond the intended point. It shows its presence in a partial paralysis of flesh and blood. The steady drinker is usually more satisfied to sit down than to run.

Finally, laziness may be a sign of an approaching physical or mental crisis. Melancholia, a symptom of the onset of typhoid fever, as well as of its convalescence, and various kinds of insanity and occupation palsies from over use of the muscles, all establish a prodigal desire for ease, which receives no better name than slothfulness or dawdling the time away.

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Answers to Health Questions

A Constant Reader—Kindly tell me which is the more fattening, butter milk or sweet milk.

Sweet milk contains more fat making substances than does butter milk and is, therefore, more fattening.

J. W. S.—I have a cramp in my toe next to the little one. What will relieve this pain?

Be sure to get a proper fitting shoe, one that will give perfect freedom to the muscles of all the toes. Exercise and massage the toe with olive oil.



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